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LEGENDARY STAR-LORD®

HUMPHRIES
MEDINA
VLASCO
CURIEL

012

Half human, half alien. Part-time Guardian of the Galaxy, full-time gunslinger. Peter Quill roams the cosmos in search of adventure as the...

LEGENDARY STAR-LORD

Guardian of the Galaxy Peter Quill, a.k.a. Star-Lord, and his ~~friend girlfriend~~ fiancée Kitty Pryde saved the universe from cosmic ruin via the Black Vortex--a mysterious object with the ability to imbue cosmic power to those who submit to it.

The battle to get the Vortex into safe hands, however, wasn't without casualties. The planet Hala, crown jewel of the Kree Empire, and its all-knowing ruler, the Supreme Intelligence, were lost in the battle, blown up by Mister Knife--the dictator formerly known as J-Son, and father of Star-Lord.

As if Peter's daddy issues weren't bad enough, Quill was unwittingly elected president of the Spartax Empire after revealing his father's abhorrent practices as its leader. Peter might not be J-Son's only child with problems, however--

Quill's half-sister Victoria seems to have a few issues of her own.

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"HALA, THE THRONE WORLD OF THE KREE EMPIRE, HAS BEEN *DESTROYED.*

"THE KREE SUPREME INTELLIGENCE IS PRESUMED DECEASED IN THE *DISASTER.*

"*SPARTAX ITSELF* WAS IMMOBILIZED IN AMBER BY AN UNKNOWN ASSAILANT.

"OUR PLANET WAS THEN *SAVED* FROM MASS BROOD IMPREGNATION BY THE--

LEGENDARY STAR-LORD

"ALONG WITH THE *X-MEN OF EARTH,* AND THE *GUARDIANS OF THE GALAXY.*

"PERHAPS MOST *DISTURBING* OF ALL--

"--REPORTS THAT THE MYTHICAL BLACK VORTEX MAY BE *REAL--* AND MAY HAVE RESURFACED AFTER CENTURIES IN HIDING.

"MORE THAN EVER, *DANGER* LURKS IN EVERY CORNER OF THE GALAXY.

"BUT FOR US--"

--IT IS AN *OPPORTUNITY*. IT IS A NEW DAWN FOR SPARTAX.

THIS IS OUR MISSION: GET IN. ACQUIRE THE *TARGET*. AND GET *OUT*.

UNDERSTOOD?

AYE!

AYE!

AYE, CAPTAIN VICTORIA!

AYE!

EXCELLENT. PREPARE YOURSELVES--

DEEP SPACE.

--WE HAVE ARRIVED AT OUR *DESTINATION.*

BRING US IN SILENTLY.

CAPTAIN, HE'S--

PUT THOSE WEAPONS *DOWN.*

I DON'T WANT YOU SHOOTING UP MY COLLECTION.

YOU'RE QUITE WELCOME IN MY *TEMPLE*, VICTORIA.

COME, *JOIN* ME. I'VE BEEN DRINKING ALONE *ALL DAY.*

COLLECTOR.

CAPTAIN. SOME SHI'AR WINE?

I AM ON DUTY.

TAKE A VACATION! YOU, ME...ALL YOUR DEAR SOLDIERS...

YOU... KNEW WE WERE COMING.

I COLLECT INFORMATION, TOO.

LIKE THE INFORMATION YOU COLLECTED THAT SAID I WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GALAXY.

AND NOW... WE SHOW OURSELVES OUT?

OH, COME ON, VICTORIA! LOOSEN UP! I'VE GOT ENOUGH LIBATIONS HERE FOR EVERYONE!

RELAX. I KNOW WHY YOU'RE HERE--

--TO RECOVER J-SON! FORMER EMPEROR OF SPARTAX!

NOW A DELIGHTFUL ORNAMENT IN MY COLLECTION.

AND IF I AM NOT MISTAKEN--

--YOUR FATHER.

AND A WAR CRIMINAL.

HE BELONGS TO SPARTAX.

HE BELONGS TO MY COLLECTION.

WHAT IF I WAS INSTRUCTED TO USE ALL FORCE NECESSARY TO RECLAIM HIM?

I AM AN ELDER OF THE UNIVERSE. YOU COULDN'T IF YOU TRIED.

SPARTAX DOES NOT RANSOM HOSTAGES--

HAH!

YOU CANNOT SIMPLY PAY ME FOR AN ITEM IN THIS COLLECTION.

THE VALUE OF THE PIECES IN THIS TEMPLE IS...BEYOND MONEY.

MAY I SHOW YOU?

A RECENT ACQUISITION...A TRUE ONE-OF-A-KIND ARTIFACT--

A JACKET...?

THE *BEYONDER'S* BLAZER.

I GUARANTEE YOU'VE NEVER SEEN THIS BEFORE-- A *MOLAR*, FROM THE MOUTH OF--

GALACTUS!

HE SHEDS THEM, LIKE A SHARK.

HOW... *GROSS.*

I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT *ROCKET RACCOON* ONCE LOST HIS *TAIL*--

IN A *CARD GAME!*

SO WHAT IS HE WEARING *NOW?*

A *PARASITE.*

THIS IS NOT WHAT I EXPECTED...

I THOUGHT YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE...WEAPONS AND ALIEN RACES AND STUFF.

THIS COLLECTION... IS *QUITE SINGULAR.*

THESE FOR EXAMPLE--

THANOS' *SHOES.* FROM WHEN HE WAS AN INNOCENT *CHILD.* PERHAPS...*BEFORE* HE WAS EVIL.

THIS *PICTURE...?*

DRAX THE DESTROYER. FROM BEFORE HIS *GREAT TRAGEDY.* A HAPPIER TIME. YOU CAN SEE THE *HOPE* IN THEIR EYES...

WOW.

THAT IS PRIVILEGED INFORMATION...

...AND THIS *VIDEO*--VERY FEW PEOPLE EVEN KNOW IT *EXISTS.*

AND THIS-- A *LOVE* LETTER.

WRITTEN BY *RICHARD RIDER.*

TO WHOM?

"YOUR BROTHER--THE *STAR-LORD*--

"--*SINGING!*

"APPARENTLY, HE WISHED TO BE FAMOUS!

"THIS IS CALLED A '*BOOTLEG.*' I HAD TO INGRATIATE MYSELF WITH THE DENVER-AREA SKA SCENE FOR A *MONTH* TO GET MY HANDS ON IT."

IS THIS *REAL...?*

THE ITEMS IN THIS VIDEO COLLECTION HOLD A VERY *DIFFERENT* SORT OF VALUE--

THIS ONE, FOR EXAMPLE...

FORM, GIRLS, FORM! CONCENTRATE, CONCENTRATE!

BUT THAT'S--

THAT'S *ME.*

A *SECRET RECORDING* ONE OF YOUR MINDERS MADE FOR YOUR FATHER.

HE HAD... *VIDEOS* OF ME?

THE COLLECTION DOES NOT REPRESENT MONETARY WORTH, OR DESTRUCTIVE POTENTIAL.

THEY ARE PRECIOUS FOR THEIR *EMOTIONAL* VALUE.

NOW *TELL* ME, VICTORIA--

"--WHY DO YOU *REALLY* WANT YOUR FATHER'S BODY?"

MANY YEARS AGO.

SO.

VICTORIA. NOW YOU KNOW. YOUR FATHER IS THE EMPEROR OF SPARTAX.

ARE THERE ANY *QUESTIONS* YOU WOULD ASK OF ME?

...WHY AM I HERE?

ER, YOUR *HIGHNESS.*

YOU ARE NOW OF AN *AGE* WHEN IT HAS BECOME DIFFICULT TO *HIDE* YOU ON AN OFF-WORLD...

LET'S SAY IT IS TIME WE *FINALLY* MET.

WHERE IS MY *MOTHER?*

I DO NOT *KNOW.*

OH.

AM I GOING TO LIVE WITH *YOU* NOW?

HAH!

THERE IS MORE YOU MUST *UNDERSTAND.*

YOU ARE MY DAUGHTER, BUT YOU ARE *ILLEGITIMATE.* YOU WILL HAVE TO *PROVE* YOURSELF ON YOUR OWN MERITS. NO SPECIAL FAVORS.

I AM *ENLISTING* YOU IN STAR HARBOR.

THE-- THE *MILITARY* SCHOOL?

BUT I DON'T *WANT* TO GO--

YOU WILL LEARN PURPOSE. RESPONSIBILITY. DUTY. YOU WILL ***PROTECT*** SPARTAX IN RETURN FOR ALL SHE HAS GIVEN YOU.

THIS IS THE ***SOLUTION*** I HAVE CHOSEN.

NO MORE DANCE LESSONS.

NO MORE...?

...NO!

YOU CAN'T ***JUST***-- I DON'T ***WANT*** TO--

YOU WILL ADDRESS ME AS "YOUR HIGHNESS!"

IN THIS MATTER, AS IN THIS ***EMPIRE***, MY WORD IS ***FINAL!***

BE GLAD I DO NOT LISTEN TO MY ***ADVISORS***. DANCE LESSONS WOULD BE THE ***LEAST*** OF YOUR CONCERNS.

GUARDS!

ESCORT VICTORIA BACK TO THE ***SHUTTLE***.

"***WELL***, CAPTAIN VICTORIA?

"WHY DO YOU ***REALLY*** WANT YOUR FATHER'S BODY?"

J-SON IS THE FORMER EMPEROR OF SPARTAX. HE IS WANTED IN CONJUNCTION WITH *CRIMES OF WAR* AND--

HO HO HO, *NICE TRY*, VICTORIA! YOU HAVE AN *AXE* TO GRIND WITH HIM.

I HAVE A *DUTY* TO SPARTAX--

LIES.

IT IS WRITTEN ALL OVER YOUR FACE. HE TIED YOUR HEART UP IN *KNOTS*.

AND NOW? THOSE KNOTS BELONG TO MY *COLLECTION*, TOO. YOU'VE *INCREASED* HIS VALUE, JUST BY COMING HERE.

MY COLLECTION REACHES DEEP INTO WHO YOU ARE. *NOTHING* IS MORE VALUABLE THAN THAT.

YOU'RE *PATHETIC*. SITTING HERE, GETTING OFF ON THE *MOLDY REMNANTS* OF OTHER PEOPLE'S LIVES.

YOUR BOOTS--?

WHAT ARE YOU--?

I'LL SHOW YOU SOMETHING *BEYOND* YOUR COLLECTION--

I'M ABOUT TO SERVE YOU UP SOME *FIERCENESS*.

STOP!

STOP.

I SEE YOU KEPT UP YOUR DANCE LESSONS AFTER ALL.

IN SECRET.

YES.

YOU HAVE COME INTO MY TEMPLE AND MADE MY PRECIOUS COLLECTION FEEL... *CHEAP.*

GO.

AND MY FATHER--?

JUST TAKE HIM AND GO!

THAT WAS SOME *DANCE*, CAPTAIN.

I DIDN'T *KNOW* YOU COULD--

MEH. I WAS *RUSTY*. I THOUGHT WE WERE GONNA BLOW THE MISSION...

THANK GOD HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WE ACTUALLY WANTED. DID YOU GET IT?

TARGET ACQUIRED.

THE SEED OF THE NEXT KREE SUPREME INTELLIGENCE IS *OURS*.

I WAS ABLE TO CLOAK MYSELF AND GRAB IT WHILE YOU *DISTRACTED* HIM.

GOOD, SOLDIER.

THE KREE COULD USE THIS TO GENERATE A *NEW* SUPREME INTELLIGENCE. BUILD A NEW HALA. *RESTORE THEIR EMPIRE.*

"*WITHOUT* IT-- THEY WILL REMAIN WEAK. DIRECTIONLESS. *VULNERABLE*.

"JUST THE WAY WE *WANT* THEM.

"SOON, WE WILL BEGIN *INVADING* THEIR TERRITORY. CLAIMING IT AS OUR *OWN*."

WE JUST *DECLARED WAR* ON THE KREE EMPIRE.

THEY'LL *NEVER* THREATEN US AGAIN.

"THIS IS A NEW *DAWN* FOR THE SPARTAX EMPIRE."

"

PAK
PAK

THERE IS ONLY
SECRET WARS

ZONE